



THEY SAID MORE IS LESS!

Common sense would question this but there comes a time when one must cast aside common sense and go with what we call a "Gut" Instinct in the publishing business.

Why I mention all this is that Emil's new book is really three stories that kind of weave into the other and seeing our recent success with pocketbook editions of Emil's Wisdom, we have split this book into parts to be published as a serial. Thank you!

SEINE



I ought to be at home, instead of dancing the night away.

I've got a sense that someone may have informed my significant other that I have been here with you.

Am I foolish to desire to stay and dance the Melbourne Mambo with you throughout the night?

I just received my wages and I am aware of the upcoming rent payment, but I am currently



engaged in a difficult situation with you. Can you explain why I act so foolish? I would also assist you in a similar situation.

Please keep me in your prayers, even if you do not know my name. "You can find me on page thirty-two of your book, Mister Peter." Saint Peter advises me to leave this dangerous woman and return home.

Believe me, I'll support you



and be your wingman at the dance halls by the Dream River. This love is profound and genuine, not just a fleeting encounter with someone whose name you cannot recall.

The Dream River has a way of swallowing men's souls.

Dear Saint Peter, please guide me through a door and pray for my soul. I hope to return home without anyone discovering where my rent money went.



Perhaps, we can pretend my money and boots were stolen by highwaymen from the Republic of Texas.

"WHAT DO YOU SAY, OLD FRIEND?"
By the time you read this, you'll know I'm just a ghost. You should move on and consider it a bad dream you always dreamed.

Believe it or not, I want you to know that we're drifting apart because of you. I'm trapped in the depths of loneliness and



the radio continually plays "Do You Know the Way to San Jose?"
It's strange how much I now miss you telling me off for being lazy.
Our lives have gone in different

directions, but I feel more connected to you than ever before. It's a shame you couldn't scold me less, though I'm not saying it's all your fault.

Well, to be honest, I've been using that as my main reason for disappearing without having to



admit that sometimes I deserved the scolding.

Old Saint Peter even mentioned it as he put me on the recruitment bus to start my new life as a foot soldier in the new Tulsa Government's attempt to rejoin the Southern Plains Region with the old Southern States.

It appears that the more I wander and travel through the untamed areas along the overgrown roads in the south, and as we make our way



through one rundown settlement after another nameless intersection, I am concerned that many of us may not return home, even if we have a dwelling or loved ones to return to.

Our experienced, high-ranking sergeants from the former United States Army inform us that our mission is crucial in reviving the nation, which they reminisce about all this during nocturnal bonfires where daring stories of wild



escapades spread rapidly.

Our mission is to find members of the Red Antifa Militia who are hiding in remote shacks and caves.

These individuals may have abandoned their militia uniforms to avoid detection like the wealthy WEF Goonies had or those who are cunning.

"Takes a sharp, cunning mind to pull off the ability of mixing with these formerly proud individuals who once governed the world; at



least, that's what they believed before the World collapsed by the Dreamy River," as General Cruz briefed us from the rear of an old flatbed truck taken from an abandoned dealership near the town's outer defense lines.

Few of us are interested in battling the ongoing war that began before many of our young soldiers were born.

They have been led to believe that



the war finished when Ahriman and his WEF team escaped to Moonbase Alpha.

The sergeant whispered to us that "SOMEONE'S LYING TO US AGAIN!"

Although I concur, I'm wise enough not to express such ideas publicly because this new administration isn't much different from the previous one. You can count on them to have spies everywhere, eavesdropping



and reporting anyone who's brave or foolish enough to speak the truth.

Someone shouted, "It's raining!" and I hoped it wasn't coming from the west because there are large dead zones where nothing can survive for the next 10,000 years. We've heard rumors that this is all untrue, and that modern cities of the future are being kept hidden, where the wealthy use old technology to live comfortably.



It does seem believable.

If it were up to me and I didn't want to share my comfortable living with millions of homeless and sick people trying to share in my fortune, I would have painted a bleaker picture to dissuade any foolish intruders.

Why not give the impression that these places are deadly zones with huge warning signs indicating certain death for anyone who enters?



Moreover, highly skilled troops from the Tulsa Government keep watch and can use lethal force against anyone foolish enough to test the authenticity of these rumors.

"Why shoot someone who's going to die from radiation or be eaten by hungry mutants anyway?"
Unless you've got something big to hide."

An old man made this observation while sitting on his porch, just as



he did before the apocalypse, and probably will until death arrives and tells him to join his long-deceased wife - as she's driving everyone in heaven crazy with her constant scolding.

"Excuse me, Grand Dad why are you just sitting here?"

The elderly black man grinned despite his missing teeth and spoke loudly, "I'm waiting for the world to end from my porch, I have a front-row seat.



Would you like to join me?"

We all smirked and a few chuckled aloud, knowing that the world had already ended, and he sat on the wrong street to see it slip away. I wished I could take the extra chair and sit with him on the porch.

He might tell me stories of long past summers from those old generational days.

Stories that they dare not teach



us in our history books as it hasn't been personally approved by VP Harris' Committee on Peace and Harmony.

The only thing stopping me was the fear of getting arrested for desertion.

The sergeant noticed my hesitation and reminded me that our task was to remove all ablebodied civilians from the neighborhood.

Government intelligence officers



"PLEASE SAY A PRAYER FOR ME, DOLORES!"

would then decide who would be sent to labor camps ahead of our main army to secure a safe path, and who would be labelled as part of the Antifa militia and shot immediately.

The elderly sergeant approached me and asked me in one of those creepy original Big Guy whispers if I intended to join any of the labor gangs.

He clarified that his inquiry was not personal, stating that he had a



"PLEASE SAY A PRAYER FOR ME, DOLORES!"

difficult time recalling my name! He said he wanted to know if he'd have to train a new recruit, maybe even another one who was recruited by Saint Peter then smiled in only a way he could do before saying "Hell of a guy! Need to find him and buy him a beer. How about you???" Little Joe reminded me about how he got recruited by that same, shady Saint Pete guy. Joe's tale



"PLEASE SAY A PRAYER FOR ME, DOLORES!"

gone out walking to forget
the time when his girl tried to kill
him for a watch and an empty
wallet.

"Maybe one day, you will decide like me, you are over that evil woman from Brownsville who still seems to have power over you?" Joe said with a wink.

Instead, I just seem to dream of her and an unattractive girl who was always with her.



"PLEASE SAY A PRAYER FOR ME, DOLORES!"

I remember her promise that we would always stay together until death, yet she left for Tulsa with that plain girl on a midnight train. Old Sally used to say that nothing is truly broken until the very end, when a rotten disease fills the void left by love and turns it into something resembling day-old dog poop.

Or at least that's what I think she meant. I was quite tipsy at the time, and some fool in a long black



"PLEASE SAY A PRAYER FOR ME, DOLORES!"

coat kept ringing the bar's bell and using my name and the credit card from my recently lost wallet to pay for drinks for everyone in the bar.

Most of the time, this wouldn't matter to someone like me who frequents bars almost as much a priest frequent his church. In a way, this was my church! I would simply say, "Hey, that's not my real credit card either. Barkeep, can you bring another

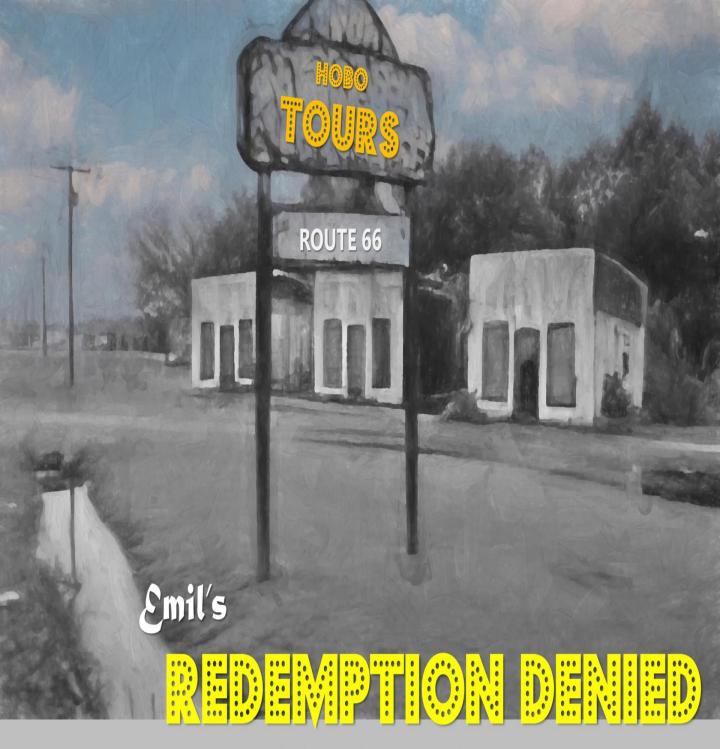


"PLEASE SAY A PRAYER FOR ME, DOLORES!"

round for everyone? By the way, the guy in the coat is attempting to pay with the mayor's stolen credit card. Just a heads up, partner!"

EDITOR NOTE:

This seemed as good of a place as any to end part one as the story just sputters and stalls a bit and we felt it a honorable thing to do to let Emil reimagine this next sequence. See you next issue!



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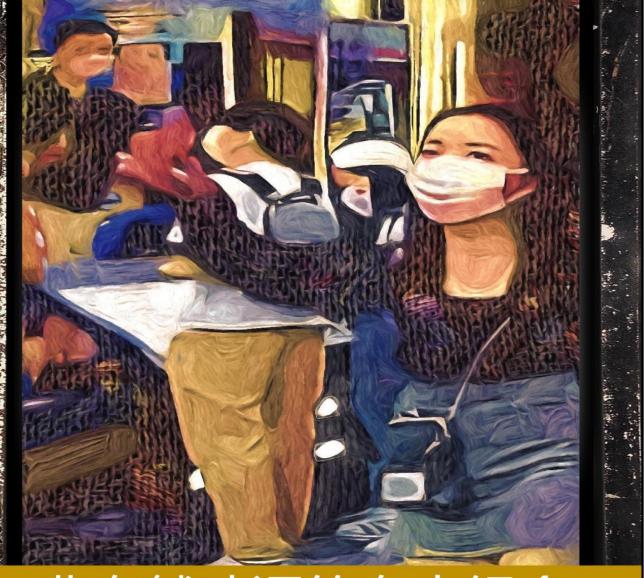
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